545

PROSPECTUS.

THE FIRST NUMBER
OF
The Poetical Magazine
A NEW MONTHLY WORK

Will be published on the 1st Day of MAY, 1809,

By R. ACKERMANN,

AT HIS REPOSITORY OF ARTS, 101, STRAND;

Where Communications (Post-paid) will be thankfully received.

This Work may be had of all the Book and Print-sellers, Postmasters, Stationers, Clerks of the Roads, Newsmen, &c. in the United Kingdom.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.

THE Collections of Miscellaneous Poetry form an interesting part of English Literature; and to them we are indebted for the preservation of many beautiful Pieces, which, from their detached publication and local or temporary subjects, would have been read, admired, and forgotten.

Dodsley, the Bookseller, was the first who formed a considerable Collection of this kind; and it is to be found in every Library. Pearch, a person of the same profession, added four volumes, which have rescued many examples of Taste and Genius from oblivion. The *Foundling Hospital for Wit*, published by Debrett, condensed the *Jeux d'Esprit* of the moment into volumes, and has given them the perpetuity which the press alone can promise. But the Work which is now offered to the attention and patronage of the Public has a very different object. Its plan, which is original, will maintain the character of originality. It is intended to contain such productions alone, as have never appeared in print, or are but little known; and presents itself as a receptacle to inoffensive poetic compositions of every kind, and from every Muse.

How many flights of fancy are lost;—how many odes and elegies, songs, ballads and madrigals;—how many poems, descriptive, moral and satiric;—how many epistles, fairy-tales and fables, are written, read, destroyed and forgotten, because no immediate vehicle can be found to give them a chance for celebrity: and how many more would have been composed, if a channel had been open for their communication to the world. To remedy such an evil, and to provide against so great a loss; that no future offspring of the Muses may be born but to die; and that no poetic flower may blush unseen;—in short, to afford an obvious and encouraging facility to poets of every denomination and character, this Magazine is proposed to be established.

The moral or religious effusions which are only whispered in the cloisters, or the Pindaric strains which are only breathed in the groves of the college, may now be communicated to the world without trouble or expense. The Doric reed may now convey its warbling descriptions of rural scenes and rural life, to delight the inhabitants of the city: in short, the love of poetic composition, in whatever breast it prevails, may

possess itself of a sphere for the display of its powers. The classical man of fashion may now, without trouble, give his translations of Horace or Catullus to the world, and the classical lover may dismiss his imitations of Ovid or Tibullus to a Parnassian Museum. The poetical port-folios may now be tempted to unfold their treasures; and the Album may be induced to distribute its votive verse. The ladies, whom the Muses love, may weave chaplets to adorn them; and, if they should so please, veiled and unknown; while modest merit may, without fear, steal its productions on the world, and experience the applause, which it could not believe that it deserved.

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Our design is of the most comprehensive nature; and invites the exertions of every rank and degree of poetic talent, through all the varieties of mode, measure and subject; from the Epic Poem to the Acrostic; the Ode to the *Bout rimé;* the high-wrought Tale to the Riddle; and the Epithalamium to the Epitaph. Nor do we wish to confine our work to our own language. The classic compositions of Eton, Westminster, and Winchester, will, with great pleasure, be received by us. If the Muse should inspire any ingenious foreigners resident in this country, we shall gladly acknowledge her inspirations in their respective languages; and if a bard should yet remain in Wales, or a minstrel in Scotland, we shall receive their contributions of Welch or Erse poetry with all the respect due to those languages, in which the earliest poems of this Island were written.

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As Poetry and Design are intimately connected, two Engravings, coloured, will be given from some subjects in the Number which they are intended to adorn.

Such will be the character, and such the object, of the *Poetical Magazine*; and we indulge the hope, that it will equally gratify those who enrich and those who purchase it.

CONDITIONS.

I. The *Poetical Magazine* shall be published in Monthly Numbers, and invariably be ready on the 1st day of every Month.

II. It shall be printed with a handsome Type, on superfine wove Paper, and hot-pressed.

III. Each Number shall contain forty-eight Pages of Letter-Press, in demy octavo.

IV. Two beautiful coloured Engravings, illustrative of some striking subjects, shall be given with each Monthly Part.

A NEW MONTHLY WORK,

The Repository

Of Arts, Literature, Commerce, Manufactures, Fashions, Politics, &c.

NUMBERS I. II. III. & IV.

ARE now published by R. ACKERMANN, 101, Strand, where Orders and Communications are received—and may be had of all the Print and Booksellers, Stationers, Postmasters, and Clerks of the Roads, in the United Kingdom—Price 4s.

This Work is printed on a large 8vo. royal paper, and delivered the first day of every Month, containing at least 64 pages of the most interesting Letter-press, consisting of original Essays, and communications on subjects connected with Literature, Philosophy, Arts, Manufactures, Agriculture, Botany, Commerce, Politics, Antiquities, Medicine, Religion, Poetry, Fashion, Sporting, Theatres, New Publications, useful Patents and Projects, Music—Marriages, Deaths, Biography—Bankrupts, Imports and Exports, Prices Current, State of Funds, Markets, &c.

Four elegant coloured PLATES, designed and executed by Artists of the first eminence, and one beautiful WOOD CUT, accompany each Number.

R. ACKERMANN feels himself highly indebted to the Nobility and Gentry, for the liberal Patronage given to this Work, the Monthly Sale of which is about 3000 Copies. He is resolved to spare no expense nor trouble to improve each succeeding Number in Matter and Embellishments; and he returns his grateful Thanks to the high Literary Characters, who have enabled him by their Communications to fulfil the Engagements which he made in the Prospectus.

LIST OF PLATES IN EACH NUMBER.

No. I. Ladies Fashionable Walking and Evening Full Dress.—Interior View of ACKERMANN'S Repository of Arts, 101, Strand.—Fashionable Furniture.—Beautiful Vignette, intended as a Frontispiece to the Sporting Subjects;—and an elegant Wood Cut, with real Patterns of the most Fashionable Articles, for Ladies and Gentlemen's Dresses.

No. II. Ladies Fashionable Half Dress and Dancing Dress.—Interior View of Messrs. Wedgwood's Rooms, St. James's Square.—Two Pointers, by Howitt.—Patent Landau.—Allegorical Wood Cut, with real Patterns of British Manufacture.

No. III. Polish Walking Dress, and an Opera Dress.—Furniture; Ladies Secretaire, and a Parlour Chair.—Interior of Messrs. Harding and Co.'s Magazine, 89, Pall-Mall.—Setters, by Howitt;—and an elegant Wood Cut, with real Patterns of Fashionable Dresses.

No. IV. Ladies Morning Dress, and Evening Dress.—An Interior View of Messrs. Lackington, Allen, and Co.'s *Temple of the Muses*, Finsbury-Square.—A beautiful classical design for Window-Curtains and Furniture.—Two Spaniels, by Howitt;—and an elegant Allegorical Wood Cut, with real Patterns of Fashionable Dresses and Furniture, &c. &c.

In each of the foregoing Numbers are interspersed a Variety of Wood Cuts, &c.

W. Clowes, Printer, Northumberland-court.

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POETICAL MAGAZINE;

Dedicated

To the LOVERS of the

MUSE,

By the Agent of the Goddess,

R. Ackermann.

VOL. 1.

E. Gullan. Sculpsit.

LONDON; PUB. NOV. 1. 1809. AT R. ACKERMANN'S REPOSITORY OF ARTS, 101, STRAND.

BRITISH MUSEUM

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

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7 NO 61

THE

Poetical Magazine,

FIRST NUMBER,

May, 1809.

——————poetica surgit

Tempestas.————— JUVENAL.

"The poetic Storm arises."

GREAT NEWS! GREAT NEWS!

THIS morning a Courier Muse has arrived,
With important Dispatches for ACKERMANN's book:
She tells that the business of *Verse* is revived
From the hill of Parnassus to Helicon's brook;
That the light lyric song, and the Lydian strains,
Fill the regions of Phocis with joy and delight;
That the Muses all dance with their favorite swains
Till the rays of the morn chase the shadows of night.

With chaplets of roses Anacreon's Shade
Pours out the rich nectar for others around,
While all the young Muses employ'd at the trade
Manufacture of *Verses*, the best that are found.

Of these the Dispatches which just have arriv'd
Bring samples, and clippings the newest and best;
The Satire of all its rude gall is depriv'd,
And so may we say of the Odes and the rest.

But should *Critics* presume to intrude with their sneers,
And censure the *Wares* of the verse-working hill;
Apollo has sworn he will lengthen their ears,
And leave them to *bray*—with a *critical* skill.

P.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TOUR.

In the Tour, with the first part of which we here present our readers, the author carries his hero through a great variety of whimsical adventures to the Lakes and back again. As Tours are a fashionable article in the literature of the present day, we trust that the poetical peregrination of Dr. Syntax will come in for some share, at least, of the public applause, to which we conceive it to be entitled. The lovers of humour will not be displeased to be informed, that it will be accompanied with a considerable number of illustrative engravings.

THE School was done, the bus'ness o'er,
When, tir'd of Greek and Latin lore,
Old Syntax sought his easy chair,
And sat in calm composure there.
His wife was to a neighbour gone,
To hear the chit-chat of the town;
And left him the unfrequent pow'r
Of brooding thro' a quiet hour.

Thus, while he sat, a busy train
Of images besieg'd his brain.
Of Church-preferment he had none,
And all his hope of that was gone.
Indeed, on ev'ry Sabbath-day,
Through eight long miles he took his way,
To preach, to grumble, and to pray;
To cheer the good, to warn the sinner,
And, if he got it, eat a dinner.
To bury these, to christen those,
And marry such fond folks as chose
To change the tenour of their life,
And risk the matrimonial strife.
Thus were his weekly journeys made,
'Neath summer suns and wintry shade;

And all his gains, it did appear,
Were only thirty pounds a year.
Besides, th' augmenting taxes press
To aid expense and add distress.
Mutton and beef, and bread and beer,
And ev'ry thing, was grown so dear;
The boys were now so prone to eat,
Delighting less in books than meat;
That, when the time of Christmas came,
His earnings ceas'd to be the same;
Were just sufficient, and no more,
To keep the wolf without the door.
E'en birch, the pedant master's boast,
Was so increas'd in worth and cost,
That oft, prudentially beguil'd,
To save the rod, he spar'd the child.
Thus, if the times refus'd to mend,
He to his school must put an end.
How hard his lot! how blind his fate!
What shall he do to mend his state?—
Thus did poor Syntax ruminate.

When, as the vivid lightnings fly,
And instant light the gloomy sky,
A sudden thought across him came,
That told the way to wealth and fame.
And, as th' expanding vision grew
Wider and wider to his view,
The painted fancy did beguile
His woe-worn phiz into a smile:
But, while he pac'd the room around,
Or stood immers'd in thought profound,
The Doctor, 'midst his rumination,
Was waken'd by a visitation
Which troubles many a poor man's life—
The visitation of his wife.

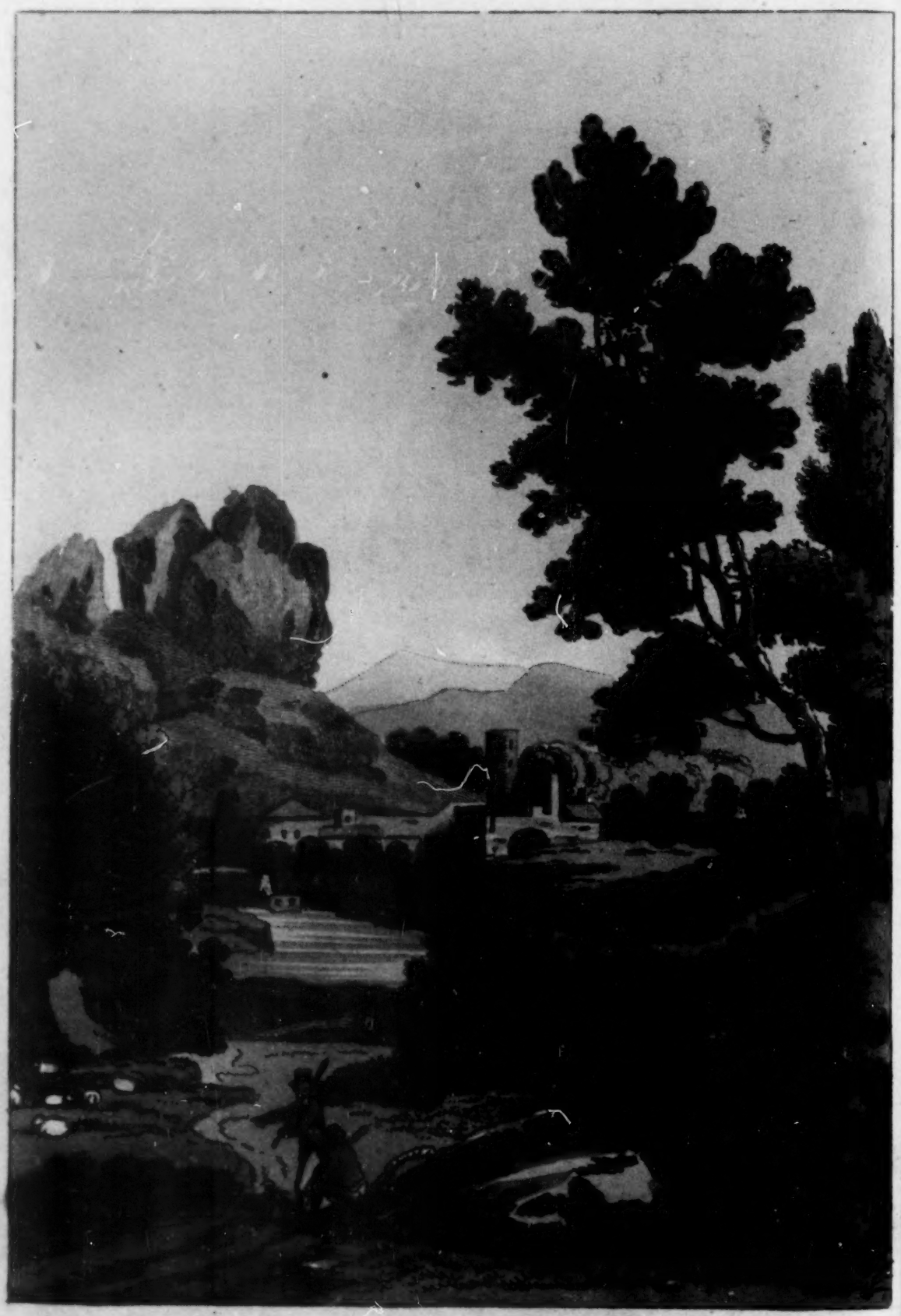
Good Mrs. Syntax was a lady
Ten years or more beyond her hey-day;
And, with her other charms, inherits
A gentlemanly flow of spirits.
She never curs'd or swore, 'tis true,
But still she was a bitter shrew;
And, when enrag'd by foul disaster,
Would shake the boys and cuff the master:
Nay, to avenge the slightest wrong,
She could employ both arms and tongue;
And, if you list to country tales,
She sometimes would enforce her nails.
Her face was red, her form was fat,
A round-about, and rather squat;
And, when in angry humour stalking,
Was like a dumpling set a-walking.
'Twas not the custom of this spouse
To suffer long a quiet house:
She was among those busy wives
Who hurry-scurry through their lives;
And make amends for want of beauty
By telling husbands of their duty.

'Twas at this moment, when, inspir'd,
And by his new ambition fir'd,
Syntax to heav'n his hands uprear'd,
That Mrs. Syntax reappear'd:
Amaz'd she look'd, and loud she shriek'd,
Or, rather, like a pig she squeak'd,
To see her humble husband dare
Thus quit his sober ev'ning chair,
And pace, with varying steps, about,
Now in the room, and now without.
At first, she did not find her tongue,
(A thing that seldom happen'd long,)

But soon that organ grew unquiet,
To ask the cause of all this riot.
The Doctor smil'd, and thus address'd
The secrets of his lab'ring breast.—
Sit down, my love, my dearest dear,
Nay, prithee do, and patient hear;
Let me for once, throughout my life,
Receive this kindness from my wife:
It will oblige me so;—in troth,
It will, indeed, oblige us both;
For such a plan has come athwart me,
Which some kind sprite from heav'n has brought me;
That, if you will your councils join,
To aid this golden scheme of mine,
New days will come—new times appear,
And teeming plenty crown the year;
We then on dainty bits will dine,
And change our home-brew'd ale for wine;
On summer days, to take the air,
We'll put our Grizzle to a chair;
While you, in silks and muslin fine,
The grocer's wife shall far outshine,
And neighb'ring folks be forc'd to own,
In this fair town, you give the ton.
Oh! tell me, cried the smiling dame,
Tell me this golden road to fame:
You charm my heart; you quite delight it—
I'll make a TOUR,—and then I'll WRITE it.
You well know what my pen can do,
I'll prove it with my pencil too;
I'll ride and *write*, and *sketch* and *print*,
And thus create a real mint;
I'll *prose* it here, I'll *verse* it there,
And *picturesque* it ev'ry where.
I'll do what all have done before;
I think I shall,—and somewhat more.

At Doctor *Pompous* give a look;
He made his fortune by a book:
And if my volume does not beat it,
When I return, I'll fry and eat it.
Next week the boys will all go home,
And I shall have a month to come.
My clothes, my cash, my all prepare,
Let Ralph look to the grizzle mare;
Tho' wond'ring fools may laugh or scoff,
By this day fortnight I'll be off;
And when old time a month has run,
Our bus'ness, lovey, will be done.
While I in search of fortune roam,
You shall enjoy yourself at home.
The story told, the Doctor eas'd
Of his grand plan, and Madam pleas'd,
No pains were spar'd by night or day
To set him forward on his way:
She trimm'd his coat,—she mended all
His various clothing, great and small:
And better still, a purse was found
With twenty notes, of each a pound.
Thus furnish'd, and in full condition
To prosper in his expedition,
At length the ling'ring moment came
That gave the dawn of wealth and fame.
Incurious Ralph, exact at four,
Led Grizzle saddled to the door;
And soon, with more than common state,
The Doctor stood before the gate.
Behind him was his faithful wife,
"One more embrace, my dearest life!"
Then his grey palfry he bestrode,
And gave a nod, and off he rode.
Good luck! good luck! she loudly cried,
Vale! Ovale! he replied.

N.o 1. of the POETICAL MAGAZINE. Pub.d 1.st May 1809. at R. Ackermann's Repository of Arts 101. Strand.



VIEW in ITALY.

N°1 of the PHYSICAL MAGAZINE. Pub. 1st May 1819. at R. Ackermann's Repository of Arts 101 Strand London.

THE LANDSCAPE.

In all her paths how NATURE shines,
Where'er she takes her way;
Whether she darkens in the mines,
Or glitters in the day:

When in the crystal stream she flows,
Or waves among the woods;
Or in the gentle zephyr blows,
Or foams within the floods:

Or down the tumbling cat'ract roars,
Thro' many a mead to glide;
Or winding 'neath the rocky shores,
To join the ocean's tide:

Whether she rears the mountain high,
Or scoops the humble vale;
Or makes the secret echoes sigh
Responsive to the gale:

All charm alone, but, when combin'd,
Her pictures to compose,
What heighten'd pleasure to the mind
The landscape she bestows.

Where the trees spread their branches wide,
Where distant rocks ascend,
And o'er the villa's tranquil pride
Their awful beauties bend;

Where thickets shade the pilgrim's way,
Where streams reflect the sky;
Where turning at the close of day,
Some tow'r shall meet the eye;—

There would I guide my willing feet,
At dewy morn or eve;
Or, 'mid the noon-tide scorching heat,
My saltry cares relieve.

There, free from strife and worldly noise,
With MARY I would rove;
And taste the pure unsullied joys
Of Nature and of Love.

TO MY PEN.

To thee, my pen, I'll give some praise,
Provided thou'lt assist me in it;
For thou hast help'd to form my lays,
In many a sad and lonely minute.

No doubt the goose that gave thee birth
Possess'd a most unusual spirit;
'Twas not a *common* goose of earth,
But one who boasted sterling merit.

Thy parent taught thee daring flights,
At least a yard above the mire;
Thy rips with me, though ta'en of nights,
I doubt have seldom led thee higher.

However, thou hast done thy best,
In zeal I always found thee fervent;
Thy stump shall now enjoy some rest,
So,—I'm thy very humble servant.

J. M. L.

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

BY W. JULIUS MICKLE, ESQ.

(Never before published.)

We have been favoured by the Rev. Mr. Sim with the following unfinished piece, being one of the earliest productions of the celebrated William Julius Mickle, Esq. from which Mr. Sim has made some extracts in his Life of Mr. Mickle, prefixed to the last edition of his Poems, p. 10. We hope this will stimulate our junior Correspondents to cultivate their poetical powers, when they are informed that the Author afterwards produced a translation of an Epic Poem, which, by a very eminent Critic, has been pronounced "to outvie the original of the finest ancient Epic.*" We expect to be able to lay before our Readers, through the same channel, other juvenile performances of this Author, by which they may trace his progressive improvement: and we should be highly grateful to other Editors of the works of eminent Poets, if they would furnish us with copies of juvenile productions, or minor pieces of their respective Authors, which they have hitherto declined publishing. The same indulgence is likewise solicited of all those who may be in possession of original pieces by the more favoured sons and daughters of Apollo.

Hic quoque talis erit qualis fortuna poetæ,
Invenies toto carmine dulce nihil;
Flebilis ut noster status est, ita flebile carmen,
Materiæ scripto conveniente suæ,
Sumque argumenti conditor ipse mei.

OVID.

IF I, my friend, expose my breast to you,
And by my sorrows open to your view
The direful sorrows that corrode my heart,
While in the cheerful laugh I take a part,—
Excuse my weakness, if it weakness be
To feel, and say I feel, the pangs of misery.

* See the above-mentioned Life, p. 10, l. 1.

That e'er I envy'd Clodio's foolish heir,
Or spoke of my own fortune with despair,—
Or by dishonourable means would rise,—
All these, and such, my inmost soul denies.
But tho' I own the heav'ns entirely just,
Of something not my act complain I must.
I know the schools averr'd we should resign,
And ne'er against the worst of fate repine :—
"Will mighty Jove reverse his sworn decree,
And mar his plan divine, to humour thee?
That wond'rous plan, of which he is the soul,
Wherewith he like a God conducts the whole.
Say, were't not treason should the horse complain,
And the dread justice of great Jove arraign,
Because he was not man? And dar'st thou fret,
Impious man! and grudge at thy estate?
Know, son of dust! the secrets of the wise :—
If you to all that man can be would rise,
Know pain and hunger, poverty and scorn,
E'en that condition men would call forlorn,
Are only evils if you make them so,
And to the truly wise can nothing do.
Is not thy soul a spark of holy fire,
An emanation of th' eternal Sire?
Its health is virtue, perfect virtue, fraught
With love impartial, innocence of thought;
Vice its depravity, disease, and bane,
Its sure, tho' oftentimes unnotic'd, pain.
Can pinching want, the sudden death of her
That on thy bosom lies, and shares thy care,—
Can stone and ague, all the hated train
Of troubles men so fly, and fly in vain,
The sacred nature of the soul alloy,
Corrupt its essence, in the least destroy?
Great in himself, poor Epictetus stood,
And justly won the glorious title, Good.

Not e'en th' ignoble servile chain to wear,
(The worst thing for a mighty mind to bear,)
With all its num'rous hated train of woes,
His godlike soul could ever discompose.
Behold him there, with heat and labour faint;
Observe him, hark! pick up the least complaint:
Not one is to be heard, but lo! he stands,
And, raising to the heav'ns his weary hands,—
Great God! may my complete desires be still
With joy and praise to bear thy holy will!
All praise, Eternal Father! shall be thine;
And this, the summit of my wishes, mine.
Ah! men are blind; few know the only joy
That still increases, and can never cloy:—
To know the God of all with heav'n is fraught;
But, oh! to feel him, far exceeds all thought!
Thus, thus, my God! my bosom still inspire;
Thus, thus, for ever, glow with heav'nly fire!
My morning hymn, my God! shall sing of thee;
My ev'ning carols to thy praise shall be!
Of thy infinity, immortal King!
But of thy goodness I will chiefly sing.
Almighty Parent! all thy glory raise;
All shew thy wonders, I will speak thy praise:
Each plant proclaims its Maker is a God,
A God of mercy I will cry aloud!
Thus, in the midst of pain and slavish toil,
The wise man's happy soul can joyous smile;
And to conviction prove that nothing can
But vice disturb the soul, the real man.
With mighty rapture, from his high abode,
Th' eternal Father, the all-ruling God
Beholds an Epictetus bowing o'er
His spade, the very poorest of the poor;
Beholds a Socrates all-cheerful stand,
The deadly potion frowning in his hand;

Beholds a Cato, from his country fled,
Stray in a desert without hope of bread,—
His uncorrupted virtue still retain,
And cruel fortune batter all in vain.
Such are the sights that glad the eyes of Jove,
To such he summons all the Gods above;
While Babylon's proud Lord the nations greet,
And Princes lick the dust beneath his feet,
Unheeded stands, and with the same regard
Beheld as the brute tyrant of the herd.
Exert, O Man! exert thy pow'rs divine,
Thou son of Jove! and heav'n itself is thine!
Nor shalt thou to the Gods inferior be,
Great Jove alone superior then to thee."

So talks the school of Zeno, such the lore
Held by the best, the brightest, men of yore;
But what to me, what tho' the great and just
This scheme admire, or treat that with disgust?
Before in any I can act aright,
It must be plain, be clear, to my own sight:
(And surely that, with which the virtuous side,
Stands fair to be the best when fully try'd:)
Then, O my friend! if freely I confess
I am unhappy, know no lasting bliss,
My passion, tho' too strong, excuse, not blame,
Nor call me Murmurer—detested name!
Ere scarce sev'n years passed o'er my infant head,
To hear at school some parts of Ovid read,
Strange rapture set my panting breast on fire,
And my soul languish'd with unknown desire;
Then would I wish, alas! had I been he
Who wrote that book, how happy should I be.
Oft to the banks of Esk would I retire,
And, all alone, great Nature's charms admire:

How has my soul been rapt with solemn joy,
Far, far estrang'd from ev'ry childish toy,
While the crystalline river roll'd along,
In concert murmurs to the sylvan song;
The voice of Nature thrilling from each spray,
While soft ideas melt my soul away:
Now seated on the rocky cliff, look o'er
The swelling flood, that roar'd from shore to shore:
Then wild grand thoughts would all my bosom fill,
My hair would bristle, and my head would thrill:
And when with ruddy gold the vanish'd sun
Blaz'd o'er the west, and darkness coming on,—
The hills emerging in a dusky cloud,
And the tall forest nodding o'er the flood,—
While thro' the branches of the tallest pines
The rising Moon in all her glory shines:
Charm'd and entranc'd, how would my bosom glow,
And feed on thoughts that voluntary flow.
I lisp'd no numbers, for no numbers came,
But the poetic thought, th' Aonean flame
Would kindle in my breast strange ecstacy,
And leading passive fancy on with joy.
The best of parents bless'd my younger days;
What others teach with frowns, they taught with praise;
They held to praise one virtue would inspire
A gen'rous manly soul to aim at higher;
While he whose rising talents were repress'd,
With a great genius never will be bless'd.
Thus plant a vine on Norway's rocky coast,
Soon will it die, nipp'd by the chilling frost;
But in a warmer sun, and kindlier soil,
Will spread amain, and, big with clusters, smile.
Yet some are, like the fir, by kindness lost,
Which thrives but on a rough and barren coast.
My father joy'd to shew the pleasant road
That leads thro' Nature up to Nature's God.

While others teach their sons the lust of gold,
He to my opening judgment would unfold
The learned page;—my mother would inspire,
And, from the sallies of the Muse's fire,
She taught me, to be great was to be good—
That goodness far excell'd the noblest blood.

TRANSLATION OF PETRARCH's DUBBJ AMOROSI.

If 'tis not love invades my breast
And chains my heart, so lately free,
How can the feeling be express'd?
And what is love, if love it be?

If good, whence springs this deadly pain?
If ill, these torments why so sweet?
If willingly I wear my chain,
Whence are these tears, and this regret?

And if 'tis worn against my will,
Of what avail is this lament?
O living death! O cherish'd ill!
My pleasure, and my punishment!

Ah! wherefore then do I complain
That my frail bark in stormy seas,
Without or rudder, guide, or helm,
Is driv'n the sport of ev'ry breeze?

How inconsistent my desires!
E'en to myself they are unknown:
Shiv'ring I stand in summer's fires,
And burn in winter's frigid zone.

M. A. M.

THE NEGRO GIRL.

WRITTEN IN NORTH AMERICA.

On the wild banks of *Nashwalk's** peaceful stream,
A Negro Girl had often labour'd hard;
She fed her oxen, and could drive the team,
Her food was coarse, and stripes her sad reward.

Her life was long to bitter hardship us'd;
Uncloth'd by day, at night the earth her bed;
She did whate'er her haughty master choos'd,
Yet all his thoughts by cruelty were led!

Such was poor DINAH's fate, 'till she was sold,
A slave, to wait upon a British fair;
Oh! happy day, to be exchang'd for gold,
The lash's stripes no more she had to bear.

But soon, alas! death crush'd this promis'd hope,
And snatch'd her lovely mistress to the grave!
Poor DINAH wept, nor could her tears give scope
To the sad anguish which her sorrows gave.

She nightly visited the church-yard bed,
And o'er LOUISA sadly she would cry;
By grateful love alone, she there was led,
In mad despair, poor DINAH there did die!

Sudbury, 1809. J. H. R.

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* The *Nashwalk* stream is an arm of the *River St. John*, and runs in a serpentine direction from FREDERICTON (New Brunswick) to the Bay of Chalveur, on the great Gulph of St. Laurence. It is navigable for *canoes* and small boats in the summer season, and forms an excellent road or flat surface of ice for *sledges* to travel upon in the winter.

LINES

Written on the Conflagration which destroyed the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane.

BY GODFREY WELLWYNN.

THE Delphian God may string his Thespian lyre,
In plaintive strains may o'er his ruin'd temple weep;
Where mimic pastime, wit, dramatic ire,
Impassion'd woe, or strains of soft desire,
Or taught the blood to warmly flow or chilly creep;
Check'd flaunting folly in its mad career,
Call'd forth the manly sigh, the female tear;
The soul indignant rous'd for suff'ring worth,
Display'd the arrant littleness of birth;
Or, tracing passion thro' the maze of care,
Drew from the heart such grief quite unaware,
That Nature, in conflicting feelings tost,
The actor in the just resemblance lost.

What various scenes the mimic art pourtray'd!
What various casts of character display'd!
Such scenes as could the smile of pleasure rear,
Such scenes as made the guilty shake for fear,
Drew pleasantry on sorrow's brow, and stole
A vacant moment from the thinking soul;
Or glancing guilt burst from the murd'rer's mind,
And gave his secret tongue—for years confin'd!

These, and a thousand scenes, the Drama's store,
Shall rouse the heart and please the eye no more.

The Delphian God may string his Thespian lyre,
And 'mid his ruin'd temple, raz'd by fire,

O'er broken walls and smoking heaps disorder'd cast,
Wake strain on strain, where strain and music vies,
Amphion-like, to bid another rise
In tow'ring grandeur, great, magnificent, and vast,
To meet midway the glory of the skies!

AN UNFORTUNATE MOTHER

TO HER INFANT AT THE BREAST.

UNHAPPY child of indiscretion!
Poor slumb'rer on a breast forlorn,
Pledge and reproof of rash transgression,
Dear, though unwelcome to be born:

For thee, a suppliant wish addressing
To Heaven, thy mother fain would dare;
But conscious blushes stain the blessing,
And sighs suppress my broken pray'r.

And, hark! the voice of female glory,
And what is honour call'd on earth,
Warn me to hush thy fatal story,
And hide thy sad disastrous birth.

But, 'spite of these, my heart, unshaken,
In parent duty turns to thee;
Tho' long repented, ne'er forsaken,
Thy days shall lov'd and guarded be.

And lest th' injurious world upbraid thee,
For mine or for thy Father's ill,
A nameless mother oft shall aid thee,
A hand unseen protect thee still.

And tho' to rank and place a stranger,
  Thy life an humble course must run,
Soon shalt thou learn to fly the danger,
  Which I too late have learnt to shun.

Meantime, in these sequester'd valleys,
  Here may'st thou rest in safe content;
For Innocence may smile at Malice,
  And thou, O thou, art innocent!

Here to thine infant wants are given
  Shelter and rest, and purest air,
And milk as pure—but, mercy, Heaven!
  My tears have dropp'd, and mingled there.

TO MY LYRE.

THY numbers, Lyre! with music wild replete,
  Pleas'd have I heard at night's impressive noon,
  Beneath yon willow seated, where the moon
Now sheds her beamings on the cowslips sweet;
But, Lyre divine! thou must no more repeat
  Thy melancholy themes, for Genius soon
  Will to superior songs thy chords attune,
Such as the critic's envious eye may greet!

On yonder cypress, where the ghosts resort,
  I will suspend thee 'till the rosy morn,
In his wing'd chariot, from the eastern court,
  Comes swiftly, driven by the smiling dawn!
Yet whilst upon the Aonian mount I sleep,
Thee, Lyre! shall Genius in Castalia steep!

Grafton-street, 1809. J. G.

THE ROBIN's RETURN.

WINTER again has sent his snows,
The trees are bare, the streams are froze,
And bitter blows the gale;
Again my cherish'd Robin comes,
And seeks his little meal of crumbs;
A meal that shall not fail.

For, while those crumbs are mine to give,
He shall not want the means to live;
Nor is he thankless found;
For, ever as the day appears,
His song the dreary morning cheers,
Tho' storms are flying round.

Curs'd be the hand that dares molest
The minstrel with the rosy breast,
The bird that claims our care;
His trust in Man well pleases me;
'Tis fit the wand'rer should be free
To wing his native air!

J. M. L.

LIBERTY.—*An Acrostic.*

L ive there the men whose bosoms can desire
I nglorious ease before sweet liberty?
B etter the brute, who with the heav'n-born fire
E ndow'd by Nature, ranges wild and free.
R iches awhile may baser thoughts inspire;
T emptation's stores may bend the venal knee;
Y et all in heart must pant for liberty.

J. S.

ABEL'S MORNING HYMN.

IMITATED FROM GESSNER'S DEATH OF ABEL.

Retire, O Sleep! awhile, from ev'ry eye;
Spread forth your wings, ye hov'ring dreams, and fly;
Reason again resume thy native throne,
Shine on the mind, as on the earth the sun.
Thy beams, O sun! how beauteous to be seen,
All Nature blushes in refreshing green;
The fields rejoice, and hail thy glorious light,
And bid adieu to all the shades of night;
Be thou the first, my soul, at early dawn,
To usher in, with songs of praise, the morn.
To thee, O God! my humble voice I raise—
The hills, the valleys, echo round thy praise!
How excellent thy works to human eye,
While crimson morning paints the eastern sky;
Thy wisdom and thy goodness equal shine,
While bounty smiles throughout the great design;
Thy beauties infinite enrich the whole,
And fill with joy and love my raptur'd soul.
Ye blooming flowers, let your fragrance rise,
And fill with odours sweet the azure skies;
Ye tuneful birds, in praise your warblings rear—
Let nature's music fill the ambient air;
Ye nobler beasts, unite your hoarser voice,
The rocks shall echo with the grateful noise.
Might I vouchsafe to ask, while here on earth,
Thee, self-sufficient, why thou gav'st me birth?
Why from the dust my every part was brought?
How all the universe was fram'd from nought?
It was thy goodness infinite, O God!
That brought us forth from nothing but thy word:

To man, the fairest image of thy face
Thou breathest life, to magnify thy grace.
" Let there be light!" the Mighty Father spoke,
When light resistless thro' the darkness broke.
While Discord rag'd with all her dashing noise—
" Let Discord cease!" and Silence heard thy voice;
When thou commanded'st, all the teeming earth
Brought forth her myriads to receive their birth:
Thou spak'st again the all-creating word—
Again the earth heaves up the heavy clod;
Clods rise on clods, of various shape and size,
And fish, and flesh, and fowl, together rise;
The silent woods rejoice, with songs of praise,
Sung by their feather'd tenants on the sprays;
The new-form'd horse, now bounding o'er the plain,
Flies o'er the turf, and neighing shakes his mane;
The lion frees himself from cumbrous earth,
And, roaring, glories in his wond'rous birth.
These are thy works, thy wond'rous works, O God!
Wrought not with hands, but by thy mighty word.
The sun now mounts, and gilds the purple sky—
The glittering dew-drops spread their wings and fly;
And morning triumphs o'er the sable night,
The earth again is clad in fresh delight.
Thy creatures from their sleep thou bidst awake,
And of thy vernal bounty to partake;
Ere long the many-peopled earth shall sing,
And earth's far corners shall their tributes bring:
From ev'ry hill thy altars soon shall blaze,
And Nature sing in one unbounded praise;
Thy wond'rous works shall be our constant lay,
From early morn unto the setting day.

S. HARRIOTT.

THE SONS OF JOVE,

A CONVIVIAL SONG.

When Heav'n, to soften human care,
Bade pity sympathize with woe;
That sorrow's child should fortune share
Friendship bestow'd on man below;
Whose balm, dispelling every grief,
Brought to the aching soul relief:—
When, to create the jest, the smile,
Old Momus reach'd our wave-bound Isle,
Proclaiming loud the thunderer's love,
To bless with mirth the Sons of Jove:—
As Bacchus rais'd the generous vine,
As Vulcan form'd the sparkling bowl,
Apollo struck the lyre divine,
And Music's charms inspir'd the soul;
Thro' Heav'n was heard the sacred sound,
From Heav'n the pleasing notes rebound.
As Harmony arriv'd at Earth,
By Wit inspir'd, to Song gave birth;
And Love his choicest chaplets wove,
To deck the fav'rite Sons of Jove.

Come, Bucks of thunder, swell the sound,
Echo the mandate as it floats;
Loud the enchanting theme resound,
And catch the mirth-inspiring notes.
Sacred to harmony and love,
Inspir'd by friendship and by Jove,
Our bowls with ruby nectar flow,
Our bosoms share the mutual glow;
While mirth, descending from above,
Hails us the fav'rite Sons of Jove.

S. B. Frome.

TO SALLY.

La fraîchure de son teint, & sa vivacité,
Font bien voir que Sally a beaucoup de santé;
Elle a cet air galant qui sçait plaire, & qui donne
Un charme inexpliquable à toute sa personne.

Madame Deshoulieres.

THERE's not a day, throughout the year,
I fail to think of Sally;
She is the girl I most revere—
The girl I hope to marry!

The hues that flush her dimpled cheeks
Outvie the rose's colour;
In fact, the playful nymph bespeaks
The goddess of the summer!

There's not a zephyr passes by,
And views her bosom's swelling,
That does not long with Love to lie,
And claim it for a dwelling!

If she salute the morning breeze,
All nature seems to woo her;
Transported with her charms, the trees
Breathe forth their passion to her!

At eve, along the brawling brook,
I wander oft with Sally,
And, casting o'er her breast a look,
Solicit her to marry!

Delighted—musing what to speak—
Her eyes affection beaming,
She vows at last my words are *Greek*,
And asks me if I'm *dreaming!*

But ah! those bright enamour'd eyes,
My fair-one's meaning carry;
And tho' the Greek words may surprise,
She knows they mean—*to marry!*
Then let the world against us rail,
Still we'll embrace the passion;
For Love must certainly prevail
'Till Nature's out of fashion!

Grafton Street, 1809. J. G.

THE ISLE OF THE OCEAN.

A NATIONAL SONG.

When the sons of a Frederic at France were dismay'd,
And the princes of Prussia their country betray'd;
When the armies of Austria reluctantly fled,
And abandon'd to Frenchmen the soil where they bled;
When Portugal's prince sought Brazil's peaceful shore,
And the patriot Swiss sung his war-song no more:
This hope caus'd each bosom with freedom to glow,
That the Isle of the Ocean was Tyranny's Foe.

When France and Oppression base Europe enslav'd,
Spain, bursting her shackles, French treachery brav'd;
Yet mindful lest *fury* all *Order* should blast,
Nail'd Royalty's standard to Liberty's mast:
Then Britain, eclipsing the glories of Rome,
Re-echo'd the mandate, Brave Spaniards strike home;
And proclaims to the world, as she seconds the blow,
That the Isle of the Ocean is Tyranny's Foe.

Unyielding to Faction and Slavery's yoke,
The true Briton's heart's like the heart of his oak;
Tho' its leaves may be shiver'd, unshatter'd's the stem,
His love to his monarch's the crown's brightest gem.
Then may Victory lead our brave troops to the plain,
And the conqu'rors of Europe be conquer'd again;
While our tars on the billows teach Frenchmen to know,
That the Isle of the Ocean is Tyranny's Foe.

S. B. FROME.

COMMERCE.

WHEN Commerce rose, and Industry began
To pour its blessings on enlighten'd Man;
When savage nations were induc'd to yield,
To arts and sciences, the spear and shield;
By Fortune favour'd, and by Nature blest,
Britannia shone triumphant o'er the rest!
From east to west her dauntless Genius flew,
By Glory follow'd, and by Learning too!

THE STAUNCH PATRIOT OF THE ALLEY.

A PATRIOT once cried, I am staunch to the bone,
And never will *run* with the hares and the hounds.
True! true! said a Wit, for 'tis very well known
You *stick*, like a leech, to Pence, Shillings and Pounds.
Sum total for his Country's good

£0:0:0!!!

FICTION OUR LAST RESORT.

I AM not what I was, I feel it well;
These ebbing pulses are no longer true:
To gay wild ecstacies no more they swell;
Not even Delia could their tide renew.

Then spare me, Venus, in this last retreat:
No longer suited to life's busy stage;
Among the Muses be my humble seat,
To gain by fancy what I lose by age.

SONNET

On seeing another in Memory of H. K. White.

Inserted in his "Remains." 1 Vol. 3 edit.

YET once again the pensive Muse wou'd weave
A simple garland for her Henry's tomb;
Such as might brave the winter, and perfume
The hallow'd ground where Taste and Genius grieve:
Come then, thou beauteous Maid! while yet 'tis eve,
And with me wander thro' the woodland gloom,
To cull the flowers of amaranthine bloom,
That in the gale a funeral sweetness leave!
And when the Moon unveils her placid face,
Forth to the mansion of the dead we'll go;
And having fix'd them on the tomb's cold base,
Chant to the night some canticle of woe,
Heard by that Spirit, whose complacent smile
Shall chase our sorrow and reward our toil.

Grafton Street, 1809. J. G.

TO THE MEMORY

OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR J. MOORE.

REST, honour'd dust! rise, gallant soul!
Tho' boundless time's vast sea may roll,
And sweep with mighty flood away
The boasted pageants of a day,
Thy towering fame shall proudly keep
It's laurell'd summit o'er the deep;
Base party's fiercest storm defy,
And lose its bright top in the sky!

January 28, 1809. A. M. P.

THE WANTS OF THE COUNTRY.

OF parties, and their talents, long
We've heard in prose, and read in song;
But, 'spite of all we hear or read,
The country's in the greatest need.

In need of what? with angry tone,
As if all England were his own,
With folly gloting in his eyes,
A self-important coxcomb cries.

In need, my friend, of honest minds
And honest hearts, where truth combines
Each public and each private view;
The Christian and the Statesman too.

In need of Soldiers with the will
To fight our battles, and the skill;
Whose firmness and whose zeal, we know,
Will never quit a flying foe.

Alas! with ev'ry breeze that blows
This melancholy answer flows:
The only constant friend we have
Is Neptune's uncorrupted wave.

HYMN TO THE CREATOR.

O JEHOVAH! great in power,
We thy majesty survey,
Both on earth's extended surface,
And where whitened billows play.

O Jehovah! great thy bounty,
Widely spreading to our view;
And the cheerful face of Nature
Bids our hearts be rais'd to you.

O Jehovah! Friend and Father,
We, thy children, give thee praise;
All thy creatures see and own thee,
And their grateful voices raise.

JOHN MORRIS FLINDALL.

Lambeth-Marsh.

PRODUCTIONS OF HARROWGATE WELL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

While I was at Harrowgate, a few Summers ago, a medical friend who happened to be there at the same time, gave me a pellucid chemical liquor, which, if written with (as we do with ink) does not appear on paper until it be dipped into the well at that place, which is strongly impregnated with steel, vitriol, and sulphur; but, when it is so dipped, the writing appears nearly as black as if it had been done with ink. Of this I availed myself, and for my own amusement, as well as that of the company who happened to be there, wrote the following lines on slips of paper, and presented them as mere blanks (which they really were) to several ladies, with a request that they might be dipped into the Well; which, having done, they were read when taken out, with as much ease as they may now be perused by the readers of your very promising Magazine; though without this explanation they could not be understood by any one.

Yours, &c. W. R.

Bloomsbury, 5th April, 1809.

1.

TRUTH, they say, lies in a Well;
You've dipp'd, sweet nymph, and try'd to catch her:
Now she is caught, what does she tell
Of the fair fisher? "None can match her!"

2.

Hot streams of sulphur we've been taught to fear;
And to dread iron, whether sword or spear;
And, here combin'd, they're not devoid of harms,
For they give health, and add to beauty's charms:
Thus forming a new point for Cupid's dart,
By which he, through the eye, may wound the heart.

3.

ADDRESS FROM THE WATER-GOD.

You have immerg'd this paper in my Well,
Fearless of what it to the world may tell;

What *can* it tell, but that thy beauties shine,
Brighter than Flora, or Golconda's mine?
My spring to others may their charms renew,
But I've not pow'r to *add* a charm to you.

4.

O, roseate health! how charming is thy power!
Possess'd of thee, swift flies each jocund hour;
Then often visit my salubrious fount,
And fix the bliss, whose value none can count.

LINES, ENFOLDING A WITHERED ROSE.

On Sarah's bosom, lovely Rose!
With stern decree, why has Fate chose,
Thou shouldst thy ruddy bloom disclose?
Alas! poor Flow'r!

What tho' with heavenly tints you glow,
Amidst such eye-attracting snow
Canst thou expect one glance? Ah! no!
Ill-fated Flow'r!

For tho' thy station all desire,
None there thy beauties can admire,
Neglected then thou'lt soon expire,
Unhappy Rose!

Alas! 'tis so,—thou'rt gone, sweet Flow'r!
Thy charms have shone their shorten'd hour;
Thy scents to please have now no pow'r;
Poor Rose! Poor Rose!

But thou hast caught from Sarah's eye
The dewy tear, and on her sigh
Thy odours to the breeze did fly,
Much-envied Rose!

Fresh from the bush, whereon you grew,
I gave thee, all o'erpearl'd with dew;
The gift a smile from Sarah drew;
I thank thee, Rose!

Discarded e'en, thy wither'd form,
As Sarah's once, retains a charm,
Enough my doating heart to warm;
Blest Rose! Blest Rose.

More precious then thy wreck I'll hold
Than misers do their worshipp'd gold;
With care these lines shall thee enfold,
Dear hallow'd Rose!

W. R.

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.

If you should be for mirth inclin'd,
The *God* of laughter call to mind;
The direful *pass* which Cæsar cross'd,
And all his boasted honour lost;
The fair *one*, who, in beauty's pride,
With Juno, and the Nereids vied;
The *island* where the Paphian grove,
Was sacred to the Queen of love;
Then *him* who holds monarchic sway
O'er those who must his will obey;
The *nymph* for whom Ulysses' son
Did fair Calypso's passion shun;
The *King*, whose horses, Diomed,
And grave Ulysses, captive led;
The Cretan *King*, who reign'd so well,
That he was made a judge in hell;
The *Queen* whom Jove with love assail'd,
And in the husband's form prevail'd;

That venerable *sage*, whose cares,
Were lengthen'd to three hundred years;
And lastly, let that *Queen* be known,
Angry Latona chang'd to stone:
Join the initials, and you'll find
One trying to amuse your mind.

ARENA.

An answer to the above, for our next Number, is requested from any of our ingenious Readers.

STANZAS,

Addressed to a young Man with the Present of a Watch.

MARK, Edward! mark the passing hour,
And cultivate thy mind;
That, when oppress'd by tyrant pow'r,
When all around misfortunes low'r,
Content thou still may'st find!

For know, she waits on Learning's train,
Tho' Pleasure's children say,
'Tis only 'neath her gentle reign,
That man is free from care and pain,—
His life one happy day!

But mark the falsehood—she's carest
Or by the proud or vain:
But ah! the philosophic breast,
In other scenes supremely blest,
Still treats her with disdain.

When youth, and youthful joys, retire,
And passion is at rest;
When age has deaden'd gay desire,
And only friendship's holy fire
Exists within the breast:

Then the good man, whose well-form'd mind
  Delights in classic lore,
Must feel a pleasure most refin'd
When, in his easy chair reclin'd,
  He draws upon his store.

Far, far remov'd from riot's noise,
  He seeks the golden mean;
No care his happiness destroys,
Each social blessing he enjoys,
  Unenvied and unseen!

E'en should misfortunes on him fall,
  He braves their utmost shock;
Rises superior to them all—
Nought can the good man's mind appal,
  'Tis as the sea-girt rock!

But he, whose useless life has pass'd
  'Midst fashion's giddy train,
No real pleasure finds at last,
His wretched days become o'ercast
  With grief, and care, and pain!

Still, still at folly's fount he drinks,
  Of appetite the slave;
Dreadful his thoughts, whene'er he thinks,
Destroy'd by pleasure's draught, he sinks
  Unpitied to the grave!

Then, Edward, mark the passing hour,
  And cultivate thy mind;
That, when oppress'd by tyrant pow'r,
When all around misfortunes low'r,
  Content thou still may'st find.

Bell's Buildings, April 13. T. MUNGEN.

THE SLEEPING SNAKE.

Tim :—O su gli estivi ardori
Placida al sol riposa,
O sta fra l'erbe e i fiori
La pigra Serpe ascosa,
Di Ninfa o di Pastor.
Mà se calcar si sente
A vendicarsi aspira;
E su l' acuto dente
Il suo veleno e l' ira
Tutta raccoglie allor.

Alessandro di Metastasio,
Atto. 1mo. *Scen.* v.

TRANSLATION.

THE lazy Snake, in harmless folds,
Beneath some leaf his palace holds;
Or, stretch'd along, at length he lays,
Basking beneath the sunny rays;
Well-pleas'd, in harmless sloth he lies,
'Till some rude *clown* the *beast* espies,
Whose nail-shod heel with sudden tread
Attempts to bruise the serpent's head:
Revenge quick fills his ardent eyes,
And o'er his tongue the venom flies:
Th' aggressing foot, which made him feel,
Now drinks the poison at the heel.

MORAL.

From this plain story we should learn,
"That, tread upon a worm, 'twill turn:"
At least beware of his mistake—
Don't rouse the venom of the snake.

R.

ABSENCE.

Ask Celia, why that downcast eye?
Why starts the tear? why swells the sigh?
Can Celia's breast the cause resolve?
She fault'ring doubts, yet thinks it love.

Ask why the lovely maid denies
To court the scene where pleasure flies?
In sylvan grots, where sports the wind,
Why on that snowy arm reclin'd?

To truth sincere, she'll answer you;—
Soft melancholy here I woo,
For here the mind may freely rove,
Thro' all the boundless realms of love.

'Twas here, my friend, the noble youth
To Celia swore eternal truth;
His early vows here Henry paid,
Here call'd his Celia nut-brown maid.

Then ask not whence the falling tear;
Can hope look gay while sorrow's near?
Can Celia smile, with joy imprest,
While Henry's absent from her breast?

HENRY.

ON A BLIGHTED ROSE-BUSH.

I saw thee late, in ambient air,
To zephyr fling thy sweet perfume;
And Anna, with a mother's care,
Would joy to mark thy op'ning bloom.

But now thy blushing pride is gone,
And blighted all thy sweetest bloom;
For she, alas! who 'tended thee,
Now withers in the silent tomb!

DEATHS.

April, 1809.

Death, walking round the other day,
In search of his accustom'd prey;
Call'd from the world, and all its trash,
The sugar-broker, T. H. Blache,
Who seventy-seven long years had been
Hard toiling thro' this mortal scene;
Death therefore thought it time to say,
Come with me, you lump of clay.
The little man small struggle made,
And soon within the grave was laid;
Survivors at the change may tremble,
Which broke the firm of Blache and Kemble.

Arena.

April, 1809.

Death, angry at his long delay,
Said, Mr. Lanfear*, come away;
Yourself may take the way you choose,
A razor, pistol, or a noose;
But come you must, 'tis of no use,
To study longer for excuse.
The man obey'd the grisly king,
And from his bedstead chose to swing.

Arena.

* Of Cheapside.

SONNET TO A SIGH.

In Imitation of Mrs. Robinson's Sonnet to a Tear.

STAY, airy wand'rer! whither would'st thou rove,
From the warm precincts of thy ruby cell?
Why seek abroad a cruel world, to tell
That thou'rt the offspring of rejected love?

Would'st thou, a humid vapour, cold, unblest,
Mix with the senseless zephyrs, or bestow
Thy balmy fragrance on a northern blast,
And fall a rain-drop, or a flake of snow?

Yet go, vain flutt'rer, go; nor in my heart
Fan the bright flame a hopeless love illumes;
Go, ere the conscious fire my peace consumes,
Nor with untoward Fate take thou a part!
A nobler task, sweet breath of love, be thine,
Than, victim of Despair, to float around his shrine.

M. A. M.

TO THE MUSES.

YE gentle Muses, to this grot repair,
Where Genius studies for the brave and fair,
Where Virtue beams resplendent on mankind,
And Beauty governs, as she ought, the mind.

Here Satire points his meritorious dart,
Protects the good, and makes the vicious smart;
And here each harmless passion has its sway,
Dispensing joy, and innocently gay.

Then hither wander from your sacred spring,
Ye gentle Muses, and your tribute bring;
For grateful ACKERMANN the song prepare,
And trim each laurel for the good and fair.

EXTRAORDINARY GAZETTE,

On the Surrender of Martinique and Vigo.

WHEN Freedom thunders from afar,
And calls her sons to glorious war;
When heroes stem the threat'ning wave,
And death and danger sternly brave;
Shall it be said no Pæan rung
Their deeds of dreadful daring done?
Let ev'ry Muse with rapture glow,
And 'twine a wreath for Valour's brow:

For, wide upon the western sea,
Waves the bright flag of victory.
From where the martial thunders break
On the fall'n tow'rs of Martinique,
From where the Gallic eagle lies
Before the conqu'ring Briton's eyes,
Let ev'ry Muse with rapture glow,
And 'twine a wreath for Valour's brow:

For see, beneath th' Iberian skies,
The sacred form of Freedom rise:
There vengeance ev'ry arm impels,
Valour in ev'ry bosom swells;
And hear, from Vigo's walls profound,
The patriot shouts of Victory bound.
Let ev'ry Muse with rapture glow,
And 'twine a wreath for Valour's brow.

For, tyrant! yet thy slaves shall feel
The Spaniard's hate, the Briton's steel;
Shall feel, that in the battle-hour,
Freedom can blast the brow of pow'r!
That Spain can still thy threats defy,
Still swears to conquer or to die!
For ah! no horror dwells in Death,
When stern he drinks the patriot's breath;
No arrowy terrors round him wave,
To daunt the spirit of the brave;
For, in the struggle of the free,
The meed of death is Victory.

G. F.

SONNET,

To a Winter Rose in full Bloom at Christmas.

BY CLIO RICKMAN.

Loud howls the northern blast across the plain,
The eddying snow, high drifted, skirts the hill,
And bare is every tree, and bound each rill,
As Nature's beauties ne'er would glow again:

Yet, blushing lovely Rose! thou bloomest still,
Pure emblem of a mind serenely gay,
Where conscious rectitude, and nought of ill,
Gives to its owner a perpetual May.

The scourge of malice, and the gripe of pow'r,
Assail in vain the firm unshaken soul;
The self-approving and the virtuous breast,
When Care's black gathering clouds around it lour,
Superior to the tempests as they roll,
Blooms 'midst the storm, looks forward, and is blest,

INVOCATION TO HAPPINESS.

O HAPPINESS! where art thou to be found?
Say, dost thou dwell on earth?—Or is thy name
An airy nothing?—A mere ignis fatuus
Rais'd by the foe of Man, to lead him on,
Deluded, flound'ring thro' dull error's maze,
To catch a good he's never doom'd to taste!

Oh! I have follow'd thee, with panting heart,
With quick advancing step, and eager eye;
Yet, when I've thought thee safe within my reach,
And meant to clasp thee fast, my outstretch'd arms
Empty return'd, and smote my vacant breast.

Thou'rt not in pleasure's cup—for tho' fill'd high
Th' intoxicating bev'rage sparkling shines,
And happiness seems floating on its brim:
Let the fond vot'ry take the deep'ning draught;
Surly reflection tells him, he's deceiv'd.

Thou'rt not with wine—for though the circling glass
Holds forth delusive happiness to man;
Tho' the full nectar'd bowl a Lethe seems,
Whence flows a stream, to drown his ev'ry care;
Nay, tho' gay Bacchus fills th' enliv'ning round,
(And who so happy as his careless sons?)—
Morning and reason shew how vain their bliss.

Perchance thou'rt lock'd within the miser's chest,
Where countless thousands make the iron bend,
And the close owner hoards thee there unknown,
Singly to revel on thy secret charms;
Go, mark him, even in his gayest hour,
(If e'er he tastes an hour he dares call gay,)
When his lov'd treasure gluts his doting eye,

And his full bosom owns the glitt'ring god;
The pallid cheek, the care-oppressed heart,
The startling fear, which shakes his inmost soul,
Loudly proclaim—" Here dwells not happiness."

Friendship would seem to hold the blessing up,
And court pursuing Man to win the prize;
But, ah! some idle word, some thoughtless jest,
Which the fond utt'rer vainly strives t' excuse,
Burns in the breast, 'gainst him so late esteem'd,
And proves that happiness is not for Man!

But sure, if happiness was meant for Man,
'Twould in the soft society be found
Of lovely Woman!—her whom Nature form'd
The partner dear, the soother of his cares;
Where the fond eye scarce knows to ease its gaze;
At whose appearance e'en the coldest heart,
With quicken'd beatings, owns its monarch near—
Where God has seem'd to set his seal of bliss*,
And bade mankind to seek the treasure there.
Vain the pursuit—ten thousand reasons throng,
And point how false the hope!—Cold-blooded pride;
Fond vanity, with never-sated ear;
Lust of dominion; idle love of dress;
Desire of novelty; pleasure's eager chase;
Dash from his hand the almost tasted cup,
And give the last, and, oh! the bitterest proof,
That, " Bliss was never meant for Man below,"

Where shall he then seek happiness?—In God!
His parent wisdom has decreed it so.
Had friends been true, had woman ne'er been false,
Man had not sought for bliss beyond the grave!

ORLANDO.

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* " Where every god did seem to set his seal."—HAMLET.

JUVENES AD POETAS.

Ye ladies and gents whom the Muses inspire,
Call forth your poetical skill,
See you let not that spark of celestial fire
E'er want the kind aid of the quill.

If the ladies are coy, pray court them again
T' assist the kind Editor's plan,
Their numbers well known, it is one less than ten,
On Parnassus their fires they fan.

The peasant and lord, both alike here may find,
Their labours of measure and rhyme
Will not, like the Sibyl's, be lost in the wind,
But known to th' remotest of time.

Here Corydon's lays, if they're breath'd thro' the trees,
May swift be convey'd thro' this isle;
And Thyrsis may with him contend, if he please,
Or hear and approve with a smile.

Old Homer and Horace may here be renew'd,
And Ovid his love-tales may tell;
The siege of old Troy too may once more be view'd,
And the cause why her brave heroes fell.

Let battles and sieges in measures be writ,
And deeds great and noble be told;
Send hither the thoughts of the critic and wit,
And each will be written in gold.

The great and the good here may find all their deeds
Recorded in heroic verse;
And each may their actions applaud when he reads,
And all their achievements rehearse.

The pangs of distress will, if plaintively told,
Be known to this island at large;
The miser may here count his silver and gold,
And sailors may new-trim their barge.

In the vale doves may coo, and lambkins may bleat,
Or sport on the brink of some pit;
And epicures too here may boast of some treat,
And scrapers astound with their kit.

My address to the minors I close with this wish,
That each will contribute his share,
To taste once a month of a poetic dish
That will be both curious and rare.

TO MARIA.

Ah cease, Maria! cease to waste thy tear;
The precious drops no more permit to flow;
But stay thy anguish, and these sighs forbear;
Vain is thy sorrow, fruitless all thy woe.

Could grief assuage the horrors of the grave,
Or call the spirit from its silent tomb,
Thy Henry then might cry, "Maria, save,
"Oh, save thy Henry from his cruel doom!"

"Oh! bid me not to stay my mournful strains!
"Oh! bid me not to leave this spot of woe!
"For I must pay the tribute love ordains,
"With grief that bids my endless sorrows flow.

"Then let my sorrows with my days increase
"For him whose virtues and whose ardent love
"Rest with his soul eternally in peace,
"To crown his happiness in worlds above.

GEORGIANA.

THE OLD BACHELOR.

Old Isaac, when dying, lamented his fate,
And mourn'd for his follies committed too late;
In his youth he a very gay liver had been,
The ways of the world, and its frolics, had seen;
Had enter'd the lists with the wild and the free,
Had indulg'd his desires in their fullest degree.
No vice but he tried, all warning was vain,
He had money, and would not his passions restrain;
Gave scope to his wildness, and range to his joys,
'Till he found that indulgence all pleasure destroys;
That roving unbridled both injur'd his health,
And help'd to diminish a part of his wealth:
So, just when he'd ruin'd the best of his prime,
He thought he'd reform for the rest of his time,
Then quitting the set, he had formerly join'd,
He took a neat house, with a garden behind;
Room enough for himself, and of servants a pair,
Fit to manage the house, and his clothes to repair:
He thought he was going to sit snugly down,
And forget all his follies committed in town;
But cramps and rheumatics, with pains of all sorts,
Jogg'd his mem'ry, and bid him remember old sports.
With a pain in his head, and a twinge in his toe,
Th' Old Bachelor growl'd in the midst of his woe;
He growl'd and lamented the waste of his life,
And the want of that comfort in sickness, a wife;
For tho' many men think that a wife is an evil,
And, rather than have one, they'd go to the devil,
Yet often, like Isaac, when sorely tormented,
That they did not obtain one, sincerely repented;
But when death points his dart, 'tis too late to repine,
For no remedy waits, but alone he must whine;

Exhausted, neglected, worn out with disease,
No hope to support, and no friend to appease,
The terrors of death, or the rage of the mind,
To soften its anguish, with tenderness kind,
He sinks to that grave, and goes down to that bourn,
Where all must descend, but none ever return;
His body's consign'd in the coffin to rot—
His name, dying with him, is quickly forgot.

THEATRICALS.

Written for Dr. Callcott's Benefit.

O! COULD the trumpet's martial tone
Raise prostrate Reason to her halcyon throne;
Or could the soft mellifluous horn
Bid the dead sense again be born;
The richest tones be sure should flow
That ever sooth'd the breast of Woe!
Ah! breathe, my lute, a melting strain;
Plead, liquid lyre, nor plead in vain!
And ye, whose breasts soft Pity warms,
Who pour your griefs in Music's arms!—
Ah! see the soul-dissolving maid—
In pensive sadness seek the shade:
And, ah! her tuneful trophies see,
Neglected hung on wither'd tree!
'Tis yours the drooping nymph to raise,
And tune her lyre to melting lays:
Then bless her votary's cause to-night,
Yield to deep anguish brief delight:
So shall his grateful breast respire,
Again his harp shall glow with fire:
It breathes!—the Master feels the glow;
O! take his numbers as they flow!
"Like mine, may all *your* sorrows be—
Steep'd in the spring of melody." G. F.

SONNET.

TO THE FAIREST OF THE FAIR.

You stole the orient blush of morn,
Your cheek with softest bloom to dye!
The glitt'ring dew-drop from the thorn,
To give it's lustre to your eye!
You stole, of snow, the purest flake
That fell on Zembla's frozen plain;
Then laid it on that polish'd neck,
To show each blue meand'ring vein!
For teeth to India's shore you flew,
And made its finest pearl your spoil!
You robb'd the rose-bud of its hue,
To paint your lips!—Then Hēbe's smile
You stole, around those lips to play!
And then—you stole my heart away! L. K.

TO ELIZA.

When those azure eyes of thine
In languid richness melt to mine,
Eliza! are they not the sign
Of love?

Do not the blushes on thy cheek
Betray, unconscious, as they break,
A heart that feels, but dares not speak,
Of love?

When slumber from thy pillow flies,
Does not thy gentle bosom rise,
And pant; and then dissolve, in sighs
Of love?

When Morning sheds her purple beams,
And all the orient richly gleams,
Dost thou not wake to tell thy dreams
Of love?

Then come, with all thy gentle charms,
Dismiss thy fears, thy weak alarms,
And yield thy beauty in the arms
Of love.

G. F.

TO Mr. WOODLEY,

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS POEMS.

Whilst some who strike the lyre to venal lays,
For sordid profit barter Virtue's praise;
And, traitors to the Heav'n-descended art,
Seek to corrupt the inexperienc'd heart;
Pleas'd we behold, on thy instructive page,
The fire of youth mix'd with the skill of age.
The solemn church-yard, when explor'd by thee,
No more presents a gloomy face to me;
Rich future scenes salute my wond'ring eye,
And I no longer fear, but wish, to die:
Or, should my heart require a softer lay,
Thy verse at once is sensible and gay;
There wit, and ease, and majesty, abound,
And sense delights, by being mix'd with sound.

O! could I sing like thee, the rich bequest
Should sweetly satisfy my grateful breast,
Tho' ev'ry other comfort were withdrawn,
And fortune, friends, and health itself, were gone.

Renew, sweet Bard! thy heart-entrancing strain,
Until their due reward thy labours gain,
Those only worthy are the bays to wear
Who, by the pleasing passport of the ear,
To virtue's and to honour's paths incite,
And yield, at once, instruction and delight.

MYRA.

MODERN SONNET,

MUSIC.

LET some the organ's pompous swell admire,
And some the flute, and pleasing violin,
Pandean reed, or sweet melodious lyre,
The drum and fife, or trumpet's martial din:

But me, not all the music at Vauxhall,
No dulcet strains, that concert audience charm,
No operatic band, nor splendid ball,
Shall e'er with raptures fire my bosom warm.

'Tis my delight, beneath nocturnal gloom,
When floating shadows darken all the land,
And sportive fancy soars on airy plume,
O'er every brain to wave her magic wand,

Thro' dewy fields, by Luna's silv'ry ray,
Pensive to steal, and hear—a donkey bray!

April 11, 1809. JOSEPH HAWKINS,

ON THE SUCCESSES OF THE SPANIARDS IN 1808.

Scene supposed to be the Camp of the Spanish Army, after the Defeat of Dupont.

INFLAM'D with fierce fury, the Leader of France,
To dismay and defeat, bids his armies advance,
Tho' the war-horse in gore steeps his hoof on the plain,
And with death-drops imbrued is his dark flowing mane;
Tho' the cannon wild-flashing bids murder stalk round,
And the good, and the brave, are sunk low on the ground:
Ah, see where yon flame, thro' the deep gloom of night,
Like a meteor bursts forth on my agoniz'd sight:
Ah! heardst thou those cries, and the shrieks of despair
Which float on the gale thro' the stillness of air?
Tho' lawless rude ruffians spread torture and pain,
Yet know, thou false boaster, thy efforts are vain,
Napoleon, Napoleon, thy glories are past,
And thy genius black scowling shrinks back from the blast;
Thy fame droops abash'd, and her trophies decay,
As the mists of the night at the red beam of day.
Red, red is the field where thy troops found their graves,
And the dark pine of Spain o'er them gloomily waves;
With their backs to the field, and their face to the foe,
Tho' worthy their fame, they met their death-blow;
Tho' blood-drench'd thy eagle, swords clotted with gore,
They no longer are fear'd, they protect thee no more;
And e'en in thy palace, resplendent with state,
Where thy minions, and slaves, pale with terror await,
Bands of spectres around thee, each moment exclaim,
"Fix'd! fix'd, is thy fate, all thy efforts are vain!"

THE MANSION-HOUSE MONITOR.

FAL. You make fat rascals, Doll!
DOLL. I make them! Gluttony and diseases make them,
I make them not!—
2d. part K. Henry IVth. Act 2, Scene 4.

WHEN poets ode or sonnet would indite,
They ought to have the wherewithal to write;
Now that premis'd, and finish'd their inditing,
They then deserve the wherewithal for writing;
But bards of merit, in these wicked times,
Have little custom for their brilliant rhymes,
And, having too much poetry to spare,
They rail at feasts they're certain not to share!
Approach my Muse! thy lov'd assistance lend;
Come to the succour of thy threadbare friend;
Aid me this once, assistance I expect,
At other times I'll do as you direct.
Thus having made a prelude to my tale,
I launch my barge, and spread my flutt'ring sail.

What time churchwardens for election stand,
And shilling-off'rings greet the parson's hand,
What time my Lord-May'r, prodigal of feasts,
Sends home some hundred souls dead-drunk like beasts,
There happened an event, as I'm a sinner,
Which frighten'd all the cits, and spoil'd their dinner.
Now this assertion very much is doubted;
In fact, the idea often has been scouted;
For some maintain, that, were the devil near,
Still cits would stuff their guts, without a fear;
Be that as may, for better, or for worse,
You take my story, let me steer my course,

Arrang'd in rows, the goodly elders sat;
Some few were lean, but most of them were fat:
Grace being said, the shortest of the short,
They rush'd like tigers to begin the sport.

From juicy joints, whence gravy ran in rills,
Forc'd up by knives, it spatters all their frills;
Blade thrust on blade, did equal conflict wage,
To cut those parts which others would engage:
At length, but not without a world of toil,
The mighty victor bears away the spoil.
See! at the upper end, the gravy plac'd,
Confin'd within due bounds, the table grac'd;
Now stoutly grappled by contending foes,
The ladle falls, the sauce in torrents flows;
Quick they retreat, for instantly it reaches
The table's edge,—a danger to their breeches.
What would I give to have a bird's-eye view
Of all the victuals for this stuffing crew?
To tell you ALL exceeds my mortal art,
Now see below a list of only *part*.

Pigs, puddings, pettitoes, pies, pippins, peas;
Cod, custard, carrot, cucumbers and cheese;
Tarts, turtle, turbot, tripe, in two tureens;
Beef, bouilli, bacon, butter, brawn, and beans.
While each, in dread, his appetite to balk,
Allow'd himself but little time to talk,
Wedging in pieces of uncommon size,
With wide-extended mouth, and staring eyes;
While some to set the mass afloat incline,
By gulping goblets of the rosy wine;
Sudden a din was heard, which spoil'd their cheer,
Their jaws were stopp'd, and all grew pale with fear:
Forth issued from the ground a sulph'rous smoke,
The floor, 'midst peals of thunder, crack'd and broke;

From clouds of brimstone, mix'd with fire and flame,
A voice was heard, and up Fitzalwine* came!
Aid me, O Muse! in this most pressing need;
Thou who at first didst mount me on my steed;
Teach me in terms appropriate to describe
The effects of terror on the guttling tribe;
Some few there were, whose mouths were cramm'd so sore
Their tight-strain'd jaws wou'd not accept of more,
Too eager to possess the dainty hoard,
They left their whole day's fare upon the board.
Some, in their fright, let drop that knife and fork
With which they first so gaily set to work;
No longer grasp'd by eager griping hand,
The steady weapon follows each command;
Knives, forks, and spoons, lay scatter'd all around,
Which, falling prone, they mostly touch the ground.
Thus when the Moon, (from Sidrophel right wise,
I learnt the fact, which no man dare despise,)
Th' attraction being weaken'd, as they know,
Which throws her off from this our earth below,
As by the same just reasoning they suppose,
That daily her ellipsis narrower grows;
No longer now withheld by altern force,
She keeps within due bounds a steady course;
But whirling downwards with increasing pace,
To kiss our earth, falls flat upon her face.

On others the effect was diff'rent quite,
What they first held their fingers grappled tight:
One innocent and silly-looking loon
Within his fist had clench'd a table-spoon;
But, with the quickness of a shooting rocket,
The piece of plate got settled in his pocket.
Array'd in white the goodly phantom stood,
His head encompassed by a sort of hood.

[*To be Continued.*]

* Henry Fitzalwine was the first Lord Mayor of London upon record, in the year 1189.

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Plate 3.